

Group Show At Gima's

By JEAN CHARLOT

"Assemblages," a group show, is the fruit of the Color Workshop that Norman Ives sponsored. Taking their clue from the clarity and purity of Ives's abstractions, the artists accent lines of lucidity, delve deep into a rational understanding of what it is that makes art tick.

The show, which continues until September 16 at Gima's Gallery, proves how astonishingly vast is the area wherein intelligence controls the making of art. Such a display comes as a welcome change of diet, a needed ingredient to correct our present-day mode, with art depending for its growth perhaps too exclusively on this doubtful vitamin, the subconscious.

A whole gamut of techniques—hard edge collage, shredded edge collage, illusions of transparencies realized with opaque materials, the introduction within the framed space of raw bits of nature, dried leaves or flowers—enlighten the onlooker as to the amply vocabulary used by the present-day artist, infinitely more varied than that of the Old Masters.

This complexity does little to lighten the burden of art-making. New problems arise. Side by side within the same frame one sees man-made pigment and na-

ture's own. The hues and values displayed by even a single dried leaf cannot be matched for beauty by the painter's tools.

It makes all the more vivid the proud dare that the artists of previous centuries flung in the face of Nature, when with brush and palette they matched fearlessly sunrises and sunsets.

A few of the works are so clearly contrived as to move one little more than the sight of an I.Q. test successfully hurdled. In most works, however, harmonious results repay the thoughtfulness without stifling the underlying inspiration.

On a mauve ground, Shirley Russell spreads a rhythmical spray of orchid petals. Winifred Hudson in "Bottled" relays a modern rendering of early cubist still-lives.

In "After Rembrandt," Barbara Hogg submits the Dutch Master's portrait of an old woman to a semi-abstract analysis. As a result, it becomes clear that, even though Rembrandt used his heart unsparingly—as any artist of scope must—he did not forget either to use his head.